

Mollie of the Movies

By Alma Woodward

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Mollie (sighing)—I never made a hit at getting out early for work—but I like to be told the news the night before. I had to go without my beauty exercises, my hair and my violet robe and—

Director (sympathetically)—It won't show on the film.

Mollie (still pensive)—Of course it'll show. I haven't got a bit of greenish cream on my face to hold the powder anchored. I'll look like the missing link when I get there.

(Suddenly) Anyway, where are we going?

Director (briefly)—To a railroad station.

Mollie (impatiently)—Now, didn't I tell you the last time that it's a mistake to take one of those "arriving-in-a-city" scenes so early in the morning? There isn't anybody coming through the gates but a few measly commuters, who hold down jobs by dusting off the calendar before the boss gets down. How can you expect an audience to shudder at the dangers that the pure, young, buxom heroine is going to encounter in their lawn mowers to be repaired or something? No atmosphere, man. Wait until the brokers' special gets in at 10.30. A broker has a fatal lure for movie audiences.

Camera Man (dryly)—There'll be enough people there this morning, all right.

Mollie (in despair)—Oh, Jerry, are you going to run me up against another one of those expeditions of the dames from Dakota about to take a census of chambermaids?

Director (calmly)—Not this time. This morning at 8 o'clock you're going to be "The Girl He Left Behind" when the Umaten Regiment enters for camp. We can't miss a chance like that for our weekly news pictorial, you know.

Mollie (seizing him violently)—Jerry! Aren't you the cruel thing? The idea of steering me up against a bunch of Uncle Sam's finest and me without a snitch of masquerade on my lashes and my lip rouge put on like a porous plaster 'stead of a Cupid's bow!

Director (briskly)—Oh, never mind that. They won't look at you even. All you've got to do is take a plastic pose and weep into a lacy handkerchief—it's gotta be lacy because you wave it after. Here it is. I bought it at the ten cent store last night.

Mollie (with scorn)—Who can show classy grief in a ten cent handkerchief? Gosh, the impossible stunts you people ask me to do.

Director (as they arrive)—Stand near the officer in charge of the embarking—there's more action there. Hurry up. Some of 'em are aboard already.

Mollie (nervously)—Does my face look all right?

Director (with some irritation)—Oh, forget your face!

(Mollie takes up her stand. She casts sheepish eyes and various other varieties of eyes at the departing soldiers. No reason, she indicates. Her face is all for naught. The train starts out. She waves the lacy handkerchief. Nay, a wave back.)

Mollie (coming up to director)—I'll never forgive you, Jerry, never. Just a half hour's warning and I could 'a' got on a doll finish that would 'a' made me a war bride! You've blighted my young life!

Circumstantial Evidence.

THE story is told of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening" and persuaded her husband to help her receive the fifty guests. The first author was dull, but the second was drier. The rooms were warm, and on pretense of letting in some air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found the footman comfortably asleep on the carved oak settee. "Wake up," he

said sternly in the man's ear, "wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"—Youth's Companion.

A Sure Sign.

MRS. BENNET arrived at the conclusion that the attachment of Teddy Nolan, the policeman, for the cook must be investigated let it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

One morning she took Annie, the cook, to task regarding the matter. Annie admitted his attentions.

"Do you think he means business, Annie?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

"Yes, mum, O' tink so," replied Annie. "Anyways, he's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

Judge.

"Ignorance Is Bliss."

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"It was that," quickly assented the other, then with a dissenting frown he continued, "an' I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—National Monthly.

Her Last Effort.

DESPAIR flashed from her eyes. Her hair was in wild disorder. Her face was flushed and distorted. She was in a terrible dilemma. She looked like a dreadfully injured and desperate woman. With anger and indignation reaching to a dreadful height, she could stand it no longer.

"Merciless one—cruel one—I have stood it long enough. I was proud of you, of your beauty—your grace—proud of my possession of you—proud of the envy of my friends—I gloried in the enemies I made through my possession. Ah, but you are small—small! How I have been deceived! You have ruined my standing in society—tortured me until I screamed in the agony of my soul, and still I loved you! Yes, loved you through it all.

But now—ah! Yes, now—will I end it all! I cast you from me forever!" And with that she ripped off her right shoe and flung it into the fire. The agony was over and the tragedy ended!—Louisville Times.

An Expert Ham Buyer.

A BUTCHER tells the story of a young woman who came into his shop the other day and addressed him thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, mam," said the butcher. "There are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well," continued the young woman, "if you are sure they're off the same pig I'll take three of them."—Everybody's Magazine.

Older Ones Here.

SOME workmen on an ostrich farm in South Africa one day found a live shell left by some artillerymen who had been at target practice on the plains a few days before. Not knowing it was loaded, they whitewashed it and placed it in an ostrich's nest, thinking to play a joke on the boss.

The next morning one of the hands came around for eggs, and finding as he thought a large one he seized on it at once.

In his astonishment at finding it so heavy he dropped it, with the result that it exploded with direful effect. The man was buried several yards deep, but strangely enough survived.

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Using the blank square in the top row, see if you can print the hidden word.

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"They remind me a little of the young fellow on the pier who stood on an ash barrel waving his handkerchief frantically at a departing ship."

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"S'MATTER, POP?"

The Butcher Was a Worthy Disciple of Joe Miller!

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Bad Luck Runs in "Threes;" He Should Have Ordered Four!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

Axel Thinks He'd Rather Go With the Regiment!

By Vic



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